A Great Political Upheaval Is Brewing Again in France

German Policy Stormy Petrel Of Situation

Briand Faces Problem of Meeting Demand at Home for "No Moderation" and Preserving Allied Entente

By Wilbur Forrest

PARIS, September 7.

WHEN Alexandre Millerand was elected President of France, less than a year ago, he warned the nation that the highest civic office in the land would cease to be a figurehead position.

To-day France's simple-mannered, 7-o'clock-breakfasting President—who has just played a silent, but powerful, role in the late lamented Allied Supreme Council in Paris—is perhaps more popular with both his civil and political countrymen than ever before. And, moreover, they are convinced that he is not a Presidential figurehead.

To President Millerand is given the credit for preventing a political upheaval which would have at least threatened the present French European policy and possibly have caused by now France's isolation in Continental politics.

France's present European policy is one of economic stabilization and reconstruction which carries along with it a tendency toward moderation for Germany under certain reservations. But there is a school of thought here which is convinced that Premier Aristide Briand, the political head of France, should stop political jousting with Mr. Lloyd George, of Downing Street, before the bar of what until recently appeared to be the highest Allied court in Europe—the Supreme Council. The underlying theory is that Mr. Lloyd George is the better jouster. The new school of thought doubtless reckons among its members the civil head of the French government.

French public opinion and a growing anti-government bloc in the Chamber of Deputies still mistrust even a policy of moderation where the late enemy across the Rhine is concerned. To them a policy of ultra-moderation is not only dangerous but unthinkable. But even a moderation policy has its foundation on a political entente between France and England. Without the moral support of England France is isolated to a policy of force. Public opinion knows this, and so did Premier Briand before the session of the Supreme Council in Paris.

Lloyd George consequently came to the Paris Supreme Council with a club in his hand. The weapon took the form of a greater indifference toward a continued Franco-British entente in Europe than Lloyd George knew existed in France. It menacingly demanded a French policy of ultra-moderation toward Germany; the suppression of French economic sanctions under which she collects the German customs on the Rhine; the discontinuance of the inter-Allied military commission in Germany which supervises the Reich's disarmament obligations, and, more important than all, French concession to giving the lion's share of the highly important industrial area of Upper Silesia to Germany as against the claims of Poland, France's ally.

A week before the initial session of the Supreme Council the French Council of Ministers—the Cabinet—assembled at Rambouillet, the summer residence of President Millerand. Premier Briand outlined the menace of the Lloyd Georgian club and the consequences of French isolation if the political entente were broken between England and France. With this in mind, he envisaged French concessions in the forthcoming inter-Allied supreme court.

But if Premier Briand is head of the French Cabinet, President Millerand has proved to be no figurehead. Briand left Rambouillet with the promise that any important decision in the Supreme Council would first be submitted to the Cabinet.

Millerand Decides to Inspect Lloyd George's Club

Millerand, backed by several ministers of state, visualized the political storm that any wide concessions to British demands would provoke in France. Millerand decided to call Lloyd George's bluff and to have a look at the club, to see if it was real. The Supreme Council assembled in Paris. When it appeared that Lloyd George as the better politician had gained the support of most of the Council delegates on his Upper Silesian thesis and the British stand was irrevocable, Premier Briand made good on his promise to consult the Cabinet. To fail to concede the British viewpoint appeared to threaten an open rupture of the Franco-British political entente.

Briand left the Cabinet session with a message for Lloyd George. The message in effect was: "Your thesis is unacceptable to France. Go ahead and do your worst." All the French cards were on the table, and if the information which comes from inner political circles in Paris to-day is correct it was Millerand who was playing the hand. Lloyd George's bluff had been called. He was told to go ahead and swing the club.

Veterans who watched the Versailles conference through its various and hectic stages in 1919 remember that it was President Wilson who set the precedent of signalling transportation to get up steam and threatening to bolt if everything did not go his way.

Lloyd George, who had brought his Upper Silesian thesis, his break-the-entente club and his Gaelic determination to Paris to work for a policy of French ultra-moderation toward Germany, did not exactly put over the thesis, swing the club or work the determination. He, however, played the Wilsonian precedent of bolting, and used the Irish situation as the excuse. Before he bolted, however, he consented to one more session with M. Briand. It was at breakfast at the Hotel Crillon. Here on the breakfast table Lloyd George played the last card in his hand. It was the compromise that the Upper Silesian dispute should be passed along to the Council of the League of Nations.

Some Frenchmen are not so thoroughly convinced, however, that it was an unimportant piece of pasteboard that Lloyd George threw down on the breakfast table. The league Council may yet uphold the British thesis, but it saved the Franco-British political entente for the moment. It saved Premier Briand from convoking the Chamber of Deputies to discuss a political break with England—a session in which the political storm would likely have forced the Briand government to abandon its policy of moderation toward Germany and replace it with a policy of force—this, or resign in favor of others who are awaiting their opportunity to apply the latter policy.

The situation may likewise be envisaged if Premier Briand had, through fear of the Lloyd George entente club, accepted the British Premier's policy of ultra-moderation toward the late enemy. Not only Millerand but a number of ministers were opposed to such procedure. Doubtless Briand's Cabinet would have melted before him by virtue of resignations. In such an event the Premier's duty would have been to himself resign. And with all "pretence" of Franco-British partnership in European affairs abandoned, France would to-day be calling up new classes to strengthen an already strong army as the medium of making Germany adhere to the Versailles Treaty. Instead, France's policy of moderation toward Germany continues. Credit for the firm stand against Lloyd George's pressure to widen it goes to President Millerand, who took the dispassionate though undiplomatic view that French public opinion would revolt, and, anyway, that possibly Lloyd George was bluffing. Neither did France yield in the Supreme Council in the matter of sanctions, but reserved the right to gauge the proper time to lift them.

Political Upheaval Among Deputies Still Is Possible

The Upper Silesian affair and its importance in French political development, are, however, not yet final. Political upheaval in the regularly assembled Chamber of Deputies in October is yet possible if the Council of the League of Nations decides in favor of the Lloyd George argument.

Lloyd George's political cleverness is not held lightly in France. For that reason the Franco-British entente existing through the medium of the Supreme Council is to-day only an entente in name. Since the "poker playing" in the last session in Paris found the two countries figuratively "splitting the pot," with Millerand behind Briand's chair throughout the play, there is little hope that important questions of the future can be regulated with any mutual Franco-British satisfaction in any supreme council, whether held in London, Paris, Spa, Boulogne, Berlin or Bagdad. Franco-British opinions, especially those concerning Germany, will always clash so long as Great Britain's policy is ultra-moderation based on future commerce and France's policy is moderation, despite a common national distrust of the late enemy's future intentions.

Even a wider gulf is possible between the two policies of England and France, so far as Germany is concerned. Briand's moderation procedure is not acceptable to a large block in the Chamber of Deputies—an anti-government block—which is uncalmly waiting the opportunity to test the Premier's political strength in a vote declaring the Chamber's confidence in France's foreign policy or lack of confidence.

If France's attitude toward Germany, by virtue of a new "opposite block" government, lapses back to one which is less moderate than the present, all pretense of political entente between England and France must be discarded.

As the "Oeuvre," one of the most outspoken non-partisan newspapers of Paris, comments: "The entente is already reduced to a diplomatic fiction. If the divorce is not already official the separation de biens and de corps is already a fait accompli."

Premier Briand's policy of moderation toward Germany began officially on January 21, soon after the new Briand government had taken its seat. On this date in the Chamber of Deputies Briand faced his interpellators from the Right declaring: "There is no other alternative; do you want to recommence war? France has been accused of imperialism. Before the world I declare this is untrue." The Chamber backed the Premier by a vote of 478 to 68.

But France will never stand for ultra-moderation toward Germany, and this was the price that Lloyd George put on the entente on August 13. The entente is as good as wrecked, and the issue of Upper Silesia, now in the hands of the Council of the league, may still wreck the Briand government. A few more weeks will tell the tale unless M. Briand invokes his legal right to dodge the interpellations which are prepared for him in the October Chamber by hurrying away to the Washington conference. In that event the fate of the Briand government may be delayed.

One of the most brilliant leaders of the anti-government, anti-moderation camp in France is Senator Raymond Poincaré, former President and Premier, who since his retirement from the Elysée Palace has become one of the most prolific political writers of the country.

Raymond Poincaré's opinions of Lloyd George's ultra-moderation idea and Premier Briand's moderation policy are rather forcefully outlined in an article written after Lloyd George's speech on the Supreme Council in the House of Commons. He takes calm exception to the British Premier's fight for Germany in the Supreme Council, and especially his inference that France has nothing to fear in a policy of ultra-moderation. He accuses the British Prime Minister of political "blarneying." Poincaré writes: "The British Premier excels in the art of administering the Gaelic douche. After the icy water, the warm water; after the criticism, the praise; after the remonstrance, the reassurance. But I think that if Mr. Lloyd George had leisure to make a visit to our devastated regions he wouldrefrain from talking of our 'nervousness.' He would see everywhere good people as calm as they are hard working, occupied in bringing back life to their devastated country. He would notice that nothing distracts them from their work, and that they have as much self-possession as the most 'phlegmatic' of English people. Even if, by chance, a personage of importance, such as a government authority, passes by, they would not disturb themselves; some would not abandon their trowels; others would not leave their plows; they would continue their labor quite unmoved and unconcerned. They feel that they are fulfilling a sacred task; they are remaking by the sweat of their brow what the war has destroyed.

"Every day I have this magnificent spectacle before my eyes. I can see now on the other side of the valley the Roman Camp, which in 1914 was considered one of our greatest strongholds, and at the foot of which nestled the small town of St. Mihiel. The Germans reached there by strategy after the Battle of the Marne, and remained there until September, 1918. From there they dominated the entire region and bombarded at their leisure our troops' cantonments. There are still trenches winding around the slopes of the hill and showing in chalky white in the burnt-up grass of the waste land. On the right those skeletons of trees standing out against the horizon are the remains of the Ailly wood. For four long years the forest which crowned the top was daily the theater of bloody combats. One day we took from the enemy a few square yards of the mangled ground. They retook them the next day. We snatched them again, and death pursued its pitiless work. Here, at the entrance of the path across the Côtes de Meuse, and further, near what was once the village of Marbotte, there are vast military cemeteries testifying to the terrible losses our armies suffered. Everywhere, as far as the eye can see, ruins are apparent in the plains, which are still lacking the prosperous flocks and herds formerly there. The arable lands are, however, all under cultivation already. The inhabitants who fled have come back gradually; houses have been built. It is not yet a real awakening in all its fullness, but it is no longer night and sleep. No, indeed. The people who have achieved these magic transformations are not a nervous people. They are people imbued with an admirable courage and perseverance and right feeling.

"There is no better place than in these desolated regions and among these robust French peasants to read, quietly and without prejudice, Lloyd George's last speech to the Commons. And one must acknowledge that after having meditated in the midst of this country which is seeking to recreate itself on the three guaranties of peace which the head of the British Cabinet offers us, one is not entirely reassured.

"The first condition of our safety, says Lloyd George, is the disarmament of Germany, and we at once fancy ourselves to be in agreement with him. But for him the disarmament is already ended, or it soon will be, and that ought to be enough to reassure us. The military sanctions must be put an end to immediately, and even evacuation of the occupied territories as soon as possible considered, because the presence there of Allied troops is disagreeable and humiliating for Germany and maintains a spirit of sullen animosity against the conquerors. Thus, there is always the same delusion. Mr. Lloyd George sees a Germany always prepared to be grateful for an act of clemency and generosity and only waiting for the departure of our army from the Rhine to pay us and to disarm.

"But afterward, if she does not pay, what is to be done? Shall we send back our soldiers to the territories which we have abandoned? Shall we re-establish the sanctions which we have renounced? It is then that there will be a cry of 'All classes to be called up' in all the Allied countries, and it will doubtless be too late then. And if, after having disarmed, Germany begins to arm again, what shall we do then? Vain fears, says Mr. Lloyd George, to us. As regards the navy, England has nothing to fear. A large ship cannot be built without the whole world being aware of it. Even in the case of submarines one's mind may be entirely at rest. Before the war the Allies knew the whole of the German fleet, unit by unit. France will know just as surely the state of the land army. Guns are not made in cellars. It is true there are French officers who went to Germany with the mission and are there now who declare that certain factories can rapidly and secretly transform commercial aeroplanes into army planes for bombing, produce guns in quantities and shells in hundreds of thousands. There are other officers who affirm that among German laboratories some of the ninety-three are given over to feverish researches in poison gases and explosives. Chimera, says Mr. Lloyd George. If all that were happening the whole universe would know of it. The age of mysteries is over; cannons, like diplomacy, are made in the market place.

"But let us suppose Mr. Lloyd George's optimism is right in the face of our defiance and that we may be sure that when Germany arms we shall read the news in the papers. What will happen when we learn it? What certainty shall we have that our allies will help us to stop these war manufactures? Will they intervene at the first airplane or the thousandth? Is the first gun or the last the point at which they will begin to get anxious? On that point Mr. Lloyd George has not a word to reassure us with. What will his number one guarantee be worth from that moment?

"I am thinking over number two by a cemetery where lie poor husbandmen basely shot by the Germans, and I am wondering whether Mr. Lloyd George could really have spoken seriously when he enunciated his second proposition. What would secure us against another attack by Germany for a long time to come is the remembrance, which she cannot fail to have, of the ruin brought her by the war. What a subject for reflection for a solitary pedestrian. The ruin of Germany. Because her treasury is deeply in debt, because the value of her money has depreciated, are her industries dead? Have her companies stopped issuing dividends? Are her individual members in misery? And since when have we seen that the bad state of a budget prevents a warlike power from lighting a conflagration? In 1914 the financial condition of Austria-Hungary was in a very bad way, and this critical situation contributed more to drive out the monarchy than to retain it. I am too close to the frontier here and I know only too well that misfortune descended on this side and not on the other. We are not in need of all these sad happenings to make us peaceful, but Germany, who has not suffered from them, is not likely to be any the wiser for our trials.

"There remains number three, which I must confess, read in this country of good sense and simplicity, seems to me obscure and rather strained. Our third guarantee, declares Mr. Lloyd George, is the knowledge that the nation, whichever it may be, that provokes a war drags into it, wantonly, the whole world. And do not say to Mr. Lloyd George that the whole world moves rather slowly, for the volatile Premier has an answer for everything, and if he trusts to allaying our anxiety with a philosophic statement, what does it matter if the enemy brings off a success at the beginning? 'In the end the greater the initial success, the greater the disaster that will fall upon the aggressor.' This time we are completely reassured, and what is still better, abundantly consoled. My dear friends of Lorraine, how can you possibly expect a return offensive from Germany? She has burned your houses, poisoned your well, ravaged your fields. She knows well that if she attempted to recommence it the other nations would not allow her to do it. Doubtless, doubtless; but in 1870 did they not allow it? And in 1914, if Germany had not violated Belgian neutrality, would England have decided to act? And was not the Lusitania affair necessary to open the eyes of the Americans? Who is there who can say, knowing that America has not ratified the treaty of military assistance signed by President Wilson, and which Mr. Lloyd George has not attempted to have approved by the House of Commons—that pact which he himself drew up—who can say that Germany will not one day be inspired to attempt once more the enterprise which did not succeed? And shall we then be condemned to suffer her great success at the outset in order to be more convinced that later a great disaster will come upon her? But while awaiting the end, valiant and unhappy France, it is you whose wounds will bleed afresh."

The Outstanding Figures in the French Political Crisis

THESE three are the predominant figures in the French political world to-day—Millerand, President of the French Republic; Briand, the Premier, and Poincaire, the most important opposition leader. In October it is expected that matters will come to a head, when the Silesian question and the ultimate policy toward Germany will be decided.

Millerand, contrary to precedent, has made the office of President more than a figurehead post. Briand's position, as a result of his dealings with Lloyd George, has become very precarious. The heaviest attack upon him is being made by Poincare, who stands against a policy of ultra-moderation.

Millerand Is Silent Power In Controversy

Poincare Backs President's Position of Firm Stand in Spite of Lloyd George's Demand for Leniency

Millerand: Exponent of Simplicity

PARIS, September 7.

PRESIDENT MILLERAND of France and President Harding have something in common. To begin with, both are retired newspaper men. In the second place, their tastes are simple, and becoming heads of important republics has not upset their conceptions of life. Millerand appeared at the "chic-est" racing event in France—the Grand Prix—garbed in a sack suit and soft felt hat, and felt as much at ease in front of the photographer as President Harding recently appeared to being "snapped" in his shirt sleeves chopping wood for the Maryland mountain campfire.

Instead of camping in the summer, President Millerand followed French tradition and moved to Rambouillet, in the large chateau set aside for summering French Presidents. But the democratic Executive upset a few Rambouillet traditions. Scores of servants were shocked to find themselves regarded as useless. The servant staff at the chateau is the smallest in Presidential history this year.

President Millerand is an Edison for work. He rises at 6 o'clock and takes an early constitutional in order to beat up an appetite for the morning meal. He breakfasts at 7 sharp with his newspapers. Official duties claim him until 1 p. m., when he joins the regular family luncheon. Another stiff constitutional in the picturesque woods that surround the country residence, and he is back at work again, after a short summer siesta which has been prescribed by the Presidential physician. Close friends of the Executive, however, say that the siesta period is in reality a pretext for some quiet reading.

Likes Picture Magazines And Likes French Classics

President Millerand is a devotee of picture magazines, and for actual reading he leans toward the French classics. At 4:30 p. m. he abandons work for tea—English style—and then hits into the forest again for the third constitutional of the day. After this the mail courier has arrived from Paris and he goes into his workroom again with his secretaries, dictating letters and attending to affairs of state. At 8 o'clock the President is again at dinner with his family, and later, according to the guest list at the chateau, it is a game of chess, bridge or poker, or, guests lacking, it is a family gathering with Mme. Millerand and the four children. The curfew rings at 10 p. m. sharp at Rambouillet, and the President of France is in bed with his alarm clock set for 6 a. m.

Thus the President of France works a day of hours which would call for a protest from the union in most any trade but presidenting.

Marshal Foch tried one day to accompany the Executive on one of his constitutionals in Rambouillet forest. The famous soldier was forced to conclude that Napoleon spoke considerable truth when he said that an army marches on its stomach. Millerand eats four meals a day and can outwalk the greatest soldier in Europe. But Foch is essentially a strategist. He lured his companion into a game of chess, which it takes a tactician to play. Foch maneuvered his army of pawns around the Presidential queen in such a hurry that she was soon helpless. Then he turned loose his cavalry and heavy artillery and annihilated her. The monarch was soon dispatched in a neat checkmate.

"I'll have my revenge," said Millerand. But so far as known he has never had it, in spite of repeated attempts.

President Is Not Slow at American Game of Poker

The President is not so slow at the great American game of poker. But if the luck is bad he is a good loser.

Mme. Millerand shares her husband's predilection for simplicity. The first table of France lacks all the elaborate and ceremonial features sometimes found in France. It is modestly decorated with a few flowers, and the food is in keeping. It is conspicuous for lack of gew-gaws as well as multiple courses.

President Millerand can quote long poems with little effort, and especially from the works of Baudelaire, his favorite. Not so long ago he astounded Lloyd George by quoting verbatim an entire article of the Versailles peace treaty, whereupon the epigrammatic Welshman suggested that he was a walking Encyclopedia Britannica. Millerand, the individual, made this impression on a writer who talked with him for the first time:

"You are impressed with his clearness and his rapid decisions; he uses no diplomatic language nor flowery phrases. His look penetrates. He is genial and kindly, but has little patience with a talker who wanders from the point, and does not hesitate to bring him back to it. He is a man of strong personality, who does not take advice from any one. He has tremendous confidence in his own judgment."

"Wilhelm" Subway Station In Auteuil Has Name Changed

Residents of Auteuil, the suburban section of Paris, objected so long and vigorously to the "Wilhelm" underground railway station in their suburb that the authorities have now agreed to call it the station of "Auteuil Church."

Kaiser Wilhelm of Doorn might be feeling bad about it now, except that the discovery has just been made that Station "Wilhelm" of Auteuil has never had anything in common with the well known Germanic Wilhelm.

The Wilhelm of Auteuil in question was a distinguished French composer of music who, for the sake of simplicity, changed his identity from the French equivalent of "William"—"Bocquillon"—to the German equivalent of "Wilhelm." Now that they have consigned him to oblivion in their town the Auteuillois learn that "Wilhelm" composed most of the airs for the chansons of Beranger and the romances of Parny. He was a son of the new republic.

Coming to Paris on foot from Liancourt in the provinces "Bocquillon" found the post-revolution Paris something similar in the matter of the high cost of living as that of present-day Paris. He braved the situation with five francs in his pocket along with a determination to be received as a student into the Paris Conservatory of Music. When he had entered Paris a beggar accosted him:

"Charity, if you please, my good young citizen, and I will pray for you," pleaded the mendicant.

"Pray that I will get into the conservatory and I'll give you three francs day after to-morrow,' responded Citizen Bocquillon.

Two days later the beggar had his three francs. Wilhelm had been received in the conservatory.

Now the Auteuillois are sorry that they have snubbed the famous "Bocquillon." It wasn't so much that he became a good composer, say some of his erstwhile detractors, as the fact that he lived three days in Paris on two francs. That, they admit, was real genius.

The railway station soon will be known as Station "Bocquillon."

Wireless Zones Extended

TOKIO, Sept. 3 (By Mail).—As a result of negotiations between the Japanese and American governments the area in the Western hemisphere for the dispatch of wireless messages from Japan has been materially extended. Radios can now be sent to all parts of South, North and Central America.